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 ENGLISH POETRY.

 TRANSLATION OF THE PRECEDING ODE BY HYWEL
 AB OWAIN*.

I love the summer's sultry day,
 What time the war-horse, gallant steed,
 Exulting proves his mettled speed,
 What time is seen the foaming spray,
 And active limbs their power display,
 What time yon orchard trees appear
 A greener, lovelier garb to wear :
 Then, with shining buckler vain,
 Away I go to tumult dire ;
 For I have loved with fond desire,
 Long have loved, but ne'er could gain.

 CERIDWEN, comely, shapely, fair,
 Of splendid mien, and graceful air,
 Of languid gait, and looks that vie
 With evening's soft and melting sky !
 So light her step, a slender reed
 My tiny fair one might impede :
 So weak, so mild, she scarce appears
 To count in life ten fleeting years.

* The Welsh reader will perceive, that some liberties have been taken in this translation, and especially towards the conclusion, where, from the ambiguous brevity of the original, it became necessary to guess at the poet's meaning. This, however, it is hoped, has been preserved throughout with tolerable fidelity, although it is necessarily amplified in the English lines, in which the elliptical conciseness of the Welsh could not possibly be retained. This Ode appears to have been addressed to a lady, by whom the poet had been slighted ; and it may be inferred from the commencement, that he was about to renounce her for the toils of war, though he seems to have relented towards the close. If a comparison might be drawn between Hywel and either of the classical writers, it would probably be with Catullus, whom he much resembles in the delicate conceits of his love sentiments. It should be mentioned, however, that the poems of Hywel are far from affording the most favourable specimens of the *aucen* of the twelfth century, adorned, as that *æra* was, by the productions of Gwalchmai, Llywarch ab Llywelyn, and Cynddelw.—ED.

Thus young, thus charming to the view,
 It were a virtue fair and meet,
 That she should be as bounteous too,
 As free to give as she is sweet.
 Yet ah ! her looks but check my love,
 Not all her words so potent prove.

A suppliant pilgrim I repair
 Again to idolize my fair ;
 Yet, say, how long, unkind one, say,
 Thou doom'st me at thy shrine to pray ?
 Think what thou art ;—and may in Heaven
 My doting fondness be forgiven !

TRANSLATIONS OF THE PENNILLION.

LXVII.

THOU dear little Gwen, kindest maiden of all,
 With cheeks fair and ruddy, and teeth white and small,
 With thy blue sparkling eyes, and thy eye-brows so bright,
 Ah, how I would love thee, sweet girl, if I might !

LXVIII.

In bed reclined, the churlish wight
 Hears with joy his wheel turn round ;
 And I, Heaven knows it, with delight
 Hear the harp's melodious sound.

LXIX.

One may through many a market pass,
 And travel many a mile,
 And love in every town a lass,
 Nor know to choose the while :
 'Tis hard to find the fairest tree,
 That is throughout from blemish free.

LXX.

There's no one now for love enquires,
 There's none a tender maid desires ;
 In every place both great and small
 For money only seek at all.
